

"THERE IS ONLY ONE RONDA,"

Therefore We Must See It, Though Adieu to Spain Had Already Been Said.

Special Correspondence.

Ronda, Spain, Jan. 17.—We had actually reached the coast, about to bid a final adieu to Spain, when—of the strong recommendation of a party of Philadelphia tourists whom we met at Malaga—we cancelled our passage on the out going steamer and retraced our steps to see "the only Ronda." Why should we hesitate after a whole year in the land of the dons, to give one more little week to seeing one of the oldest places in the world? The reason why so few travelers visit Ronda is because it lies far from the beaten track, and can be reached only by stage over a difficult and dangerous sierra. But nobody ever made the trip without feeling richly repaid. Nowadays you may go by rail from Malaga as far as Cobantes, a dirty little station at the base of a ridge of rugged rocks, where the diligence ride begins. It is only a few miles, mostly straight up and down, but the fare is from eight to twelve Spanish dollars, according to location of seat and how much the guard can get out of you. In most countries where stages are run, outside seats are considered preferable and cost more than those inside; but it is the reverse in Spain, where people avoid fresh air as a pestilence and wrap themselves up to the eyes from the lightest breeze. We learned afterwards that six pesos is the regular price for outside seats, and eight for inside; but foreigners are always charged more, on the supposition that they must have plenty of money, else why are they traveling? The Gobiernos diligencia was certainly invented by some genius of a sarcastic turn of mind. It looks more like a rascal's bait than a coach, and its great height gives it a dangerously top-heavy appearance. There are no springs to speak of, and in the largest of its several compartments six persons sit facing each other. Doors and windows are invariably closed, and everybody who can afford it smokes continuously; while those who cannot add their quota to the

DONKEYS, LADEN

with charcoal and plodding along in an inn, their owner stretched out, fast asleep, upon the panniers at the rear. These always misused animals are indispensable for the transport of merchandise through the mountains of Andalusia, and move fearlessly over paths where the less sure-footed mule will not venture. They are preceded by a train leader, who wears a bell and seems to be conscious of the position of his position, for, if one of his companions try to pass him, he is as quick with his heel as a stinging kick aimed at the offender's ribs as the mayoral is with his whip. Guided by the shrill cries of the drivers, the leader turns to the right, or the left, as directed; and on arriving at the gates of a town, halts the whole file until he has orders to proceed.

Just before sunset we entered Ronda through a Moorish gateway, flanked by two circular towers, and cluttered with the main street with a grand parade; and a curfew of curses delivered by the conductor and zagal, who had been saving their wind for an hour with a view to this evening effort. How shall one describe the strangest and most picturesque city of Europe? It stands on a steep rock, encircled by the Guadalquivir river, which foams and ashes through a narrow gorge, seven hundred feet below. This stupendous rift on the mountains, which is as if cut by the scimiter of Roldan to render impracticable the favorite stronghold of the Moors, is crossed by two bridges—one over a century old, the other of much greater antiquity. The town, built on both sides of the chasm, is surrounded by tripple walls and divided into three wards, each of which is separately walled and constitutes a small city in itself. Projecting over the rushing stream are several stone mills, erected during the dominion of the Moors, which, from the dizzy heights above look like children's building blocks, and the men passing in and out with sacks of grain and flour on their shoulders, seem "scarce so gross as beetles." The greatest curiosity of the Tajo, as the rent in the hills is called, is the gallery, or tunnel, known as "La Mina del Moro," cut down through the solid rock to the river, by Christian slaves, at the command of Ali Abou Melle, in the year 1342. The passage is five feet wide by seven high, and traverses the perpendicular precipice zig-zag fashion. It is very steep and by no means safe, the steps being rudely hewn, stippled with moisture and often indistinguishable, as light comes in only at intervals, through apertures pierced in the rock on the river side. But of course you must go down it, whatever the risk. At the bottom is a large tank, where the captives filled their water jars, and then bore them up the weary ascent on their shoulders. Scrouged at every step by their

CRUEL MASTERS, half starved and otherwise brutally treated, many of them fell dead from exhaustion on the way. Thus the "well of Ronda" acquired such a fearful reputation during the Moorish wars that many defeated Spaniards committed suicide rather than be condemned to carry water up its dreary staircase. Retribution came at last, however, and the victims, driven to death in its cavernous recesses were avenged—for it was through "La Mina del Tajo" that a chosen detachment of the Castilian army, in 1485, surprised the "Laureled Castle" of the Moors, impregnable to ordinary assault—not only by its natural position, but from the strength of its fortifications.

At the bottom of the gorge it is always twilight, being only twenty or thirty feet wide, to perhaps 150 at top. The foaming torrent sends wind and spray whirling through the dark den of the chasm, and the noise that completely drowns the human voice. Gazing upward, the bridges at top look as if suspended in the air, and the people on them like moles in the sunshine. It is very steep and by no means safe, the steps being rudely hewn, stippled with moisture and often indistinguishable, as light comes in only at intervals, through apertures pierced in the rock on the river side. But of course you must go down it, whatever the risk. At the bottom is a large tank, where the captives filled their water jars, and then bore them up the weary ascent on their shoulders. Scrouged at every step by their

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guard-room and sentry boxes of the Moorish soldiery. From its summit the view is one of unparalleled grandeur. I have seen many famous views from various points in the Andes, from the castle of Chapultepec overlooking the valley of Mexico, from Corcovado above the bay of Rio de Janeiro—but never anything to compare with this. Far above, the sharp peaks of the sierra rise ranged upon range, their ridges heaped together in wild confusion like the billows of a mighty ocean suddenly turned to stone. Below lies the city, with its concentric walls—outworks of three nations, Roman, Saracen and Spaniard, so distinct in blood and religion; its massive houses enclosed and barred like so many seraglios, and its lovely Alhambra, fragrant with roses and myrtles, orange and clematis trees, though overhanging a cliff whence is a sheer descent of almost a thousand feet to the valley. The very heart of the town is pierced by the frightful chasm, its walls scarred and seamed by the action of the elements, and its mysterious depths, to which the sun never penetrates, believed to be haunted by ghosts of the

WRETCHED CAPTIVES, who perished there in the merciless crusade of the thirteenth century. Beyond the city spreads the green and smiling Vega, through which the Guadalquivir, ("deep stream"), no longer a roaring torrent, black as Sisyphus, having escaped from the Tajo, glides tranquilly over its marble bed amid what fields, gardens, and groves of lemon, citron and olive, cherries and peaches. The primitive mills, which use the river for miles, have been grinding almost continuously for nine hundred years, while their builders have been long, long forgotten. Nations have risen and fallen, a new world has been discovered, and come into greater prominence than the old—and still, like "the mills of the gods," those ponderous wheels go round, furnishing food for passing generations. Scattered over the adjacent valley are numerous threshing floors—circular platforms, slightly raised above the ground, from forty to eighty feet in diameter—upon which wheat is threshed by means of the spillo, a kind of drag, furnished with spikes, and drawn by horses driven at a gallop. The grain is cleared of chaff by being tossed into the air from broad, shallow baskets—an extremely laborious method, but adhered to everywhere in Spain, because of the ignorant prejudice existing against modern machinery.

From the gateway of the Alhambra a street leads past the bull-ring, (the most popular institution in Ronda), to the newest bridge which spans the Tajo at its narrowest point. By the "modern" structure was built in 1751. It consists of one impressive arch of 110 feet; and the architect celebrated its completion by accidentally falling from the parapet and being dashed to pieces in the chasm below.

Descending by San Pedro street, you reach the "Casa del Rey Moro" built in the year 1342 by Al-Motaded, who is said to have drunk his wine out of jewel-studded goblets made from the skulls of those whom he had himself decapitated.

The fruits of Ronda are proverbial for their excellence, and the climate for its salubrity. Its isolated position has preserved for its inhabitants not only the Arab customs of feasting, but those fierce passions which, matured under the burning sun of the East, have descended through thirty generations. The men are remarkable for stillwar forms and sinewy limbs, the result of plain food and mountain exercise. The women, with olive skins and languishing eyes, are coquettish to the last degree; and while their faces cannot be any stretch of imagination, be called beautiful, their smiles form a real Hoeghstr's of feminine perfection. Large families are the rule in this part of the world, twenty to twenty-five children being not uncommon.

PANNIE B. WARD.

It saved his leg. P. A. Danforth, of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For cures, the best place is in five days. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by C. M. I. Drug Dept.

A BRILLIANT SPECTACLE.

There Will be Forty Thousand Lights on the Exposition Tower.

The electric tower of the Pan-American exposition is designed to be the most brilliant diamond of the illumination. In height this tower is 409 feet, the base being 80 feet square, on the east and west sides of which two colonnades, 75 feet high, turn to the south. It will be a structure which by day will be architecturally graceful, attractive and beautiful, and by night, when it is under full illumination, it will present a spectacle beyond the possibility of word picture. From top to bottom, from the highest point to the water in the basin in front of it, on all sides, this wonderful tower will be covered with incandescent lamps. In all, over 40,000 of these lamps will be used on the tower, and the highest skill is demanded in placing them in order that the entire surface may be covered so that there will be an equality of light on every part. Never has the human eye looked upon such a gorgeous spectacle as this electric tower is to be, so that it is impossible to make comparison with anything the world has yet witnessed. From every point the tower structure will present a starry appearance, the whole effect being such as to command the most sincere admiration. On the interior the tower will be a hive of industry. There will be restaurants, food gardens, loggias, pavilions and cupolas through which the tide of appreciative humanity will pour from dawn to midnight; and when the day's sightseeing at the exposition is ended, the visitor will have an impressive mental record of the wonders of the Electric Tower.

GRATEFUL CARICATURISTS.

No more genuine piece of good fortune has befallen the caricaturist than that the personality of Mr. Kruger should be what it is. I am no pro-Boer, but upon my word, my feeling of gratitude to him—and I may add to his tailor, his hatter, and his bootmaker—has been so warmly affectionate at times (I am certain my brother caricaturists must have felt the same) that the marvel is that no tell-tale and semi-treacherous letters of ours have been found in Princeton, E. T. Reed, of "Punch," in "Mazzine of Art."



TIGHT ACROSS THE CHEST.
"See here! you are always laughing at my expense."
"Well, that's all I can do at your expense."



WHAT DID HE MEAN?
Never Waters—How did you like de pie de bordin' house lady give yer?
Weary—Out o' sight.



GIVING THE SNAP AWAY.
Kind Lady—Why these tears, my lad?
Tommy—(thoughtlessly—) Der's money in it.



GIVING HIM A TIP.
Mr. Steady—Are you fond of sleighing, Miss Tenstone?
Miss Tenstone—I just adore it; I had such a lovely time the other evening.
Her Little Brother—It was all I could do to pull her half a block.



Little Robby—Oh, papa, just look at that sign.
Papa—I'll get you one when they take off the other half.

Time Table

In effect Nov. 8, 1900.

DEPART.	ARRIVE.
For Ogden, Cache Valley, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and all points East.	6:50 a.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	7:45 a.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	7:55 a.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	9:45 a.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	12:30 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	6:30 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	6:05 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	10:50 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	5:30 a.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	9:05 a.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	9:35 a.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	3:30 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	4:00 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	5:55 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	6:00 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	8:15 p.m.

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TIME CARD.

EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 28, 1900.
Ly Ogden 1:25 a.m. 2:15 p.m. 7:15 p.m.
" Salt Lake 8:20 a.m. 3:10 p.m. 8:20 p.m.
" Provo 9:45 a.m. 4:10 p.m. 9:35 p.m.
Arg Grand Jen 6:25 p.m. 12:30 a.m. 5:00 a.m.
Glenwood 9:05 p.m. 3:20 a.m. 8:47 a.m.
Leadville 12:20 a.m. 6:40 a.m. 12:27 p.m.
CrippleCk 7:30 a.m. 5:45 p.m. 1:22 p.m.
Pueblo 6:45 a.m. 4:15 p.m. 1:22 p.m.
ColeSpr 7:30 a.m. 5:45 p.m. 1:22 p.m.
Denver 9:30 a.m. 3:40 p.m. 8:15 p.m.

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CURRENT TIME TABLE

LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY	ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY
No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and the East.	8:30 a.m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.	9:35 a.m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.	9:35 p.m.
No. 10—For Hildale, Lahti, Provo, and all intermediate points.	7:50 a.m.
No. 8—For Hildale, Lahti, Provo, and all intermediate points.	7:50 p.m.
No. 9—For Ogden and the West.	8:00 a.m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West.	8:00 p.m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West.	1:00 p.m.
No. 42—For Park City.	1:00 p.m.
No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East.	9:30 a.m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East.	11:00 a.m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West.	11:00 p.m.
No. 9—From Ogden and the West.	11:00 p.m.
No. 10—From Ogden and the West.	11:00 p.m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West.	11:00 p.m.
No. 3—From Ogden and the West.	11:00 p.m.
No. 1—From Ogden and the West.	11:00 p.m.
No. 42—From Park City.	11:00 p.m.

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